

THE NUR AF'SHAN

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FRIDAY:—December 9th, 1904.

No. 50.

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Dec. 2

The capture of 203 Metre Hill opens the way to Port Arthur town and harbour from Pigeon Bay, and will probably prevent the retreat of the garrison to Liao-tshan.

Reuter's correspondent wires from Tokio that it is reported that a strong force of Russians attempted to recapture 203 Metre Hill and were repulsed with heavy loss.

It is announced at Tokio that seventeen officers were killed and sixty-four wounded in the recent fighting at Port Arthur.

General Kuropatkin reports that a scouting party rushed a Japanese position west of the Sha-ho on the night of the 30th ultimo, bayonetting 25, and that after a stubborn resistance the Japanese fled and were pursued to the Sha-ho. Numbers of rifles, equipments and blankets were captured.

An exactly similar affair took place the same night on the Russian left.

A second force was sent to assist in the pursuit of the Japanese south of Tsinkhe-chuan, which is still proceeding. Unofficial telegrams state that General Rennenkampf is directing the pursuit personally.

An Attache, Colonel Waters, has left Mukden for England, and has permission to return in the spring.

London, Dec. 2.

It is officially stated at Washington that Russian's suggestion to postpone the Hague Conference necessarily prevents the United States taking further steps at present, as it is desirable that Russia should participate.

London, Dec. 2.

Reuter's agent at Tangier wires that mountaineers made a determined attempt to capture Mr. Harris the *Time's* correspondent, rushing his house, which was guarded. The attempt failed. The British Minister has protested.

London, Dec. 2.

It is authoritatively announced that a Royal Commission is being appointed in connection with the Scotch Churches's dispute.

London, Dec. 3.

Reuter's Tokio correspondent says that six hours' armistice took place at Port Arthur yesterday to bury the dead.

The fleet evidently intends to make a sortie directly the harbour is untenable. Most of the ships are heavily damaged and unfit for service, but some are still intact.

The Russians are mine clearing for the purpose of maintaining an avenue of escape.

London, Dec. 4.

Reuter's correspondent wires from Chifu that the Japanese have been hurriedly but effectively overhauling the entire fleet with great secrecy since August in readiness to meet the Baltic fleet. The majority of ships are now fully repaired, refitted and repainted.

London, Dec. 3.

The Government estimate of the American cotton crop is 12,162,000 bales, exceeding the highest anticipations. The Market in New York is sensational, and January fell to 8 to-day.

Allahabad, Dec. 4.

News received from Gyantse shows that everything is going smoothly there, and the friendly attitude of the Tibetans remains unswayed. The telegraph line to Chumbi works well and Captain O'Connor and the small garrison are kept in touch with the outer world by receipt of Reuter's telegrams and regular postal daks. The weather is described as perfect—bright, clear days with very little of the terrible winds which swept the Tuna plain unceasingly. The nights are cold, but not excessively so.

Allahabad, Dec. 4.

News of a horrible poison case comes from Burhanpur in the Nimar district of the Central Provinces. Though a large native town, Burhanpur has no official residents, and the only Europeans there are a few missionaries. It was in the household of one of these, Dr. Benjamin of the American Episcopal Mission, that the tragedy occurred. It appears that on the 1st instant this gentleman was away visiting an outlying village when news was brought him that his family had been seized with sudden illness. He returned to find his wife and one boy dead and his two other sons in a critical state. They had been seized with violent illness immediately after taking their morning tea, and no skilled help being available apparently, the unfortunate lady and her child expired in great agony. The cook who had prepared the meal, on being arrested, confessed that he had mixed arsenic with the tea, but alleges that he was induced to do so by one of the mission employees—a native—who assisted Dr. Benjamin as schoolmaster and compounder. This man is said to have been reprimanded by Dr. Benjamin, and the idea is that this rankled in his mind and induced him to contrive the crime, choosing a time when no help was likely to be forthcoming for the innocent victims. Fortunately he, too, is in the hands of the police, so that the whole truth will probably come out in due course.

London, Dec. 5.

Reuter's correspondent wires from Perim that Admiral Foelkersahn's squadron is coaling from coalliers at the Musha islands between Obok and Jibuti.

The *Standard's* St. Petersburg correspondent says that the well-known American warship broker Mr. Flint has left Moscow for Constantinople, it is believed with the object of arranging to use the Turkish flag on the Argentine and Chilean warships for which Russia is reported to be negotiating.

Yesterday's message regarding the Russian prize court should read as follows:—

The Supreme Prize Court at St. Petersburg has decided that the sinking of the *Thes* in July last was unjustified. The owners claim £10,000, but as no appeal has been made regarding the cargo, the Vladivostok judgment stands. The court also justified the seizure of the *Arctis*, but upheld the D'Almeida Company's appeal regarding the flour on board from Kobe, which was seized, and confirmed the confiscation of the rest of the cargo seeing that no appeals had been lodged.

In the Reichstag the Socialist leader, Herr Bebel, declared that Germany had been most lax in observing neutrality obligations and had sided with Russia.

London, Dec. 5.

Reuter's St. Petersburg correspondent says that it may be stated on the highest authority that the question of the passage of the Dardanelles has not been officially raised in any form, and the Press campaign is in nowise inspired by the Foreign Office or Admiralty.

London, Dec. 5.

Cotton at Liverpool to-day opened excited and irregular, thirty to thirty-four points down and subsequently went lower.

The drop in cotton has caused great satisfaction in Lancashire, but having orders sufficient for months ahead the spinners and manufacturers have already bought futures and are therefore now buying little.

London, Dec. 6.

Reuter's correspondent wires from Mukden that four days' artillery duel in the centre and on the right failed to alter the general situation.

There is a considerable amount of illness, consequent on close confinement in trenches and bombproofs, besides the continual nervous strain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope and fear.
 But grateful take the good I find
 The best of now and here.
 All as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told.
 Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track—
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
 His chastening turned me back.
 That more and more a providence
 Of love is understood
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good.'

J. G. WHITTIER.

The great problem in connection with the publication of a Christian literature is its distribution. It is easy to write and print books but experience shows how hard it is to get it into circulation. The following item will interest those who have this matter in hand ;

"A new impulse has been given to the distribution of Christian literature in Syria by a Convention of Syrian preachers and teachers which was recently held in the Syrian Protestant College, by the invitation of the Rev. Howard Bliss, D. D., the president. The whole subject of Christian literature was discussed, and the eighty delegates agreed that steps should be taken speedily to introduce Christian books and tracts wherever it is possible throughout the land. The demand for books, and especially for the Arabic Bible, is far in advance of any previous year. In the month of August a conference of Christian workers from all parts of the Turkish Empire is to be held in Brummana, Mt. Lebanon. One of the subjects to be discussed is Christian Literature. The American Tract Society has accomplished an important work in this line in the East.

The following items of news will interest our Christian Endeavour readers :

Lieutenant N. Shiwoten, a young officer of the Engineer Corps in the Japanese army, who was detached to select the fords and build bridges over the Yalu River, is an Endeavourer in the Congregational Church in Tokyo.

—A Floating Christian Endeavour society was organized recently on the battleship Maine, while in the Boston Navy Yard. It was called the Carlton Jencks Memorial

Endeavour Society, in honor of one of the brave Floating Endeavourers who lost his life in the explosion of the first Maine.

—Rev Herbert Helliwell, the new secretary for India, will sail November 1, reaching Bombay December 5. He already has eight engagements between Bombay and Calcutta, at which latter point he expects to arrive by Christmas.

—One of the brightest and most interesting young men in the Japanese Diplomatic Service is a Christian Endeavourer, who became a Christian four years ago. He says, "The Christian Endeavour society in his town, though small and weak, was the greatest help I had for the first year in my Christian life."

I am asked to intimate to the public that Miss M. L. Harris, has undertaken to translate "*The Life of Pastor Hsi*" by Miss Howard Taylor (nee Geraldine Guinness) for the Christian Literature Society. This notice is given to prevent duplicating the work of translation.

The following words of Bishop Whitehead, quoted with approval in the *Arya Messenger* are worthy of careful consideration by every Indian patriot, comparing the influence of Western Education upon the people of Japan and India. He says :—

"In the first place the Japanese were one homogeneous people and the people of India were composed of a multitude of races with no solidarity. It was much easier for a single united people to change their ideas and customs than for a large number of races, spread over such a vast continent as India to do so. In the second place the Japanese had accepted Western knowledge as a national possession. They had deliberately taken it and adapted it to their own needs and expressed it in their own language. Almost from the first the people of Japan had decided that education, though Western in substance, should be given in the Japanese language. This had enabled them to assimilate what they had learned and really make it their own. In India unfortunately this had not been possible. Owing to the great multiplicity of languages higher education could only be given through the medium of English, and the result was that the Indian students had the enormous disadvantage of being compelled to think in a foreign language. It was difficult to overestimate the burden this placed on the minds of the ordinary students. The best students, no doubt, overcame it, but to the average student it made anything like original and independent thought almost impossible, and the result was that Indian education tended to become a mere matter of getting up facts and theories that were useful for examinations, but did not enter into the life and thought of the people. Western knowledge in India still flourished as an exotic. It was not really at home in the thoughts and feelings of the people.

In the third place the Japanese had laid hold of Western knowledge with the determination to make it their own and to make the most of it. They were not afraid of it but had let it have full swing in every department of national life and thought. They had not been slavish imitators, but had deliberately chosen what would suit them and rejected the rest. But they had not been afraid of the intellectual and moral revolution which Western knowledge was bound to bring with it. On the other hand His Lordship thought that the educated classes of India had been decidedly half-hearted in their attitude towards Western knowledge, and even now they were afraid to let it have full swing in their minds and hearts. Originally the motive that had led to a demand for English education was the desire to get on in Government Service, and the main motive that had led the Government to introduce English education seemed to have been the desire to have more efficient Government servants. There had never yet been in modern India a real earnest enthusiasm for truth and knowledge in order that it might purify, strengthen, elevate and ennoble the life of the whole people. That was what was now wanted, and His Lordship earnestly hoped that in time it would come. India greatly needed a real enthusiasm for truth and a deeper perception of the value and power of knowledge. Till that arose, education would be like sparks of fire falling on damp straw."

These are golden words. But assimilation does not mean adaptation. It does not mean a holding on to the past merely because it is the past. It does mean yielding oneself to the power of truth no matter how it may affect our relation to the past. It means the making our own everything that is good and true whether it be of the past or the present—whether it be of the East or the West.

"The radium clock of Harrison Martindale, English physicist, practically gives perpetual motion through the dissipation of negatively charged rays. A small quantity of radium supported in an exhausted glass vessel by a quartz rod is placed in a small tube, to the lower end of which is attached an electroscope of two long strips of silver. The activity of the radium causes an electric current minus beta rays to be transmitted to the silver strips, which expand until they touch the sides of the vessel, when earthed conducting wires instantly discharge them and they fall together. This is repeated every two minutes, marking time in beats of that duration, and theoretically the action will continue until exhaustion of the radium, in this case computed to be 30,000 years in the future."

With the sure knowledge that our smallest concerns are regulated by him, we may repose in confidence that if it is good for us happiness will be granted; and if it be hereafter checked, as we see is often the case, the support and the comfort will come with the trial.—Maria Hare.

THE MAN ON THE TOP OF THE ARK. AN ALLEGORY.

It wanted just ten days of the time when Noah said the Flood was to come. There he was—a stately, noble-looking, grave man—and his three sons. You could see they were his sons, though each had a wellmarked face of his own, and none of them looked so grand as their old father. They were hard at work putting the last coat of pitch on the huge vessel they had been building so long—some on ladders plying big brushes, some bringing the pitch hot from the cauldron.

Many people were coming and going all day. A wedding party was rather uncivil, casting looks of mocking pity at the busy men and shouting rude jokes, such as, "No signs of rain yet, old friend!" But the greater number took no notice at all, never even looked at the ark, for they lived near and had got accustomed to the thing and tired of it long ago.

Some, however, stopped and talked, two men in particular. One of them was a strong, comely person, with no signs of levity or dissipation about him, in the prime of some four hundred years. You could not say as much of the other man, who was older and had a keen, knowing look. This man arrested Ham on his way from the cauldron to one of the ladders with a pot of warm pitch.

"Still working, I see; as if that monstrous thing was to be of any use! The time is nearly up that your father spoke about, but his fearful prophecies don't seem any nearer coming true."

"But they may, for all that," said Ham.

"They may!" repeated Jubal mockingly. "Have n't I told you a dozen times it's manifest nonsense? All things continue as they were from the foundation of the world. The sun rises and sets regularly, and so does the moon. The seasons come and go just as they always did. Babies are born every day and old men die sometimes. Do you expect all this to be upset next week because your father says he had a vision about it?"

Noah heard. Turning half round on his ladder and looking with a calm, earnest face at Jubal, he said,

"Who made the sun and moon? Who gives the seasons? Who sends life and death? He is the holy and living One who has set his brand on Cain. If he threatens to destroy sinners and offers to save all who come in here, I think you had better take him at his word, my friend, and come."

"No, not I. You are good-natured fanatics. Good evening;" and so Jubal went on his way whistling.

But Irad, the younger man, remained, and said, "There is something in what you and Ham say. Yes, it may be true. The God who made can destroy."

"HE WILL DESTROY," said Noah in a low voice, but very solemnly.

"That's just what remains to be seen," said Irad. "I only admit it is, of course, quite possible. And it is in reason too that he should bring some judgment on careless sinners who offer no sacrifices and mispend the sabbath."

"He will destroy everybody who does not come into the ark with us," said Shem. And Japhet added kindly, "There's room enough for thee, friend Irad. Come."

Irad went to the door and looked in. When he had marked all the arrangements for themselves and for the cattle, he said,

"Well, if it is a delusion, you believe it thoroughly; and if the Flood does come, you will be safe enough in there. Jubal, and many worse than Jubal, would have been wise to take the chance. But I'm not like Jubal. I have always been honest and kept out of dissipation. You know I am as religious a man as yourselves. Enoch was a near relation of mine, you remember."

"Believe God, then, and come with us," said Noah.

"Scarcely, scarcely. Not yet, at any rate. I'll wait near and see if the beasts come in as you say they will."

So Irad waited some days. He had many a talk with the busy workers, and if scoffers appeared he rather took side against them with Noah and his sons.

At length the beasts and birds, great and small, came. Then said Irad, "I've no doubt now that something is going to happen. But whether every single man who stays out of that big ark is going to be drowned is another matter. I won't believe that."

When the work was all finished and the four men and four women had gone in, Irad noticed they did not shut the door. But sometimes one, sometimes another, would stand and cry, "Come, Irad, come; why stand and look? You are sure to perish like the rest if you don't. It is but a step. Come; come now. God is about to shut this door!"

But Irad smiled. "Thank you all. I'm sure you mean well. But there's no fear of me; I have A PLAN OF MY OWN. If a righteous man like me was to go in, it would be all the same as saying I was as bad as any. I never was close-fisted or lavish or a mocker of parents, like some. I never was the worse of wine in my life, like others. No, God is just, and I have nothing to fear. And if danger does come, I tell you I have a plan of my own. I'll stay near the ark. Thank you all again."

The great door began to swing on its hinges sooth after that. Irad knew none of the men or women were near it for he heard them praying at the time in another part of the building. He thought he saw a hand; the next moment THE DOOR WAS SHUT.

Irad did not feel so comfortable then. "I have nobody to talk to now, and I would rather talk to these worthy people than to myself. If anything happens, I cannot get in now, that's plain. But I never wanted to go in. When danger comes, either God will do something for me or I can put my own plan in force."

Days passed without much change. Then it did come in awful form—clouds, darkness, tempests, torrents of rain, roaring floods! No doubt now! But God did nothing for Irad. "Perhaps," thought he, "God intends me to be saved by the ark just like the rest. Well, I shall be saved by it! How wise I was to stay beside it! How Noah will be astonished to see me as safe as himself when all is over!"

So Irad climbed nimbly on the top of the ark by one of the ladders still stained with pitch.

The ark floated. Irad tried to be happy.

But first he grew cold. Then he grew hungry. "If I had gone in I would have had shelter, food, and company. FOOL that I was, since I have to be saved by this ark not to go inside!"

Soon worse thoughts came. "But am I to be saved, after all? The water is rising still. There is not a speck of land to be seen. I am cold and faint with hunger. Ah, these swollen corpses dashing about my feet!"

"I AM LOST! How safe and happy are those inside! There is a raven; it is waiting for my flesh.....How shall I answer God? After all, was I quite so good a man as I thought! At the best I cannot say he has been unjust, for he will answer, 'Why did you not BELIEVE ME and go in?'"

Then the hoarse croak of the raven sounded like "Late! too late!"

For while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Rom. 5: 8.

"Jesus Christ.....loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood. Rev. 1: 5, His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree. 1 Pet. 2: 24.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation!" Heb. 2: 3.

American Tract.

A Business Prayer.

The Earl of Hopetown, in Scotland, has in his possession an old brass-bound, leather-covered ledger which he prizes very highly.

It belonged to John Hope, the founder of the family, who kept a shop in Edinburgh two hundred years ago.

The first entry in that ledger reads as follows: "O Lord, keep me and this bulk honest!"

If every merchant since had adopted John Hope's practice there would certainly be a much higher standard of commercial morality than at present exists in the business world.—The Lutheran.

A HERO.

This little incident, which comes to us from over the sea, teaches us what a true hero is:

A few years ago a fire broke out in a charming little Swiss village. In a few hours the quaint frame houses were entirely destroyed.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. His home and cows were gone, and so, also, was his son a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins.

Just as daybreak came, however, he heard a well-known sound; and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright eyed little boy.

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire, I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: "Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."—Sunday School Gem.

Christ was the highest type of man, and man reaches his highest type when he is like Christ.

A clear brain gives a clear vision, and vision leads to victory.

The world will smile in the face of the man who tickles the ribs of the world.

A little thorn may rend the finest fabric; so may a little sin mar the fairest soul.

WHEN SANDOW BECAME FAMOUS.

Asked when he first came into public prominence, Sandow replied it was about eighteen years ago, and in this connection he was persuaded to narrate what he said was "a very lengthy tale" of an incident which was a sort of challenge to the world at the time. It came from a man named Samson, a German, who was performing in London at the time, and who offered a prize of £1,000 to anyone who would excel him in his feats of strength. Sandow was in Italy, and had progressed amazingly in his muscular training by this time. Having read about Samson, he determined to go to London and have a try. In London he obtained the services of an interpreter, not then being able to speak English very well, and through him he saw the members of the National Club on the subject of a competition with Samson, a marvellously strong man. The members, judging him from his external appearance (which Sandow himself admits is very deceptive) laughed at him, and advised him not to make a fool of himself, but he had his own opinion of his powers, and determined to put them to the test. He attended the performance with his interpreter, and took a seat among the audience just opposite the stage. He went again, determined this time to accept the challenge for £1,000. Not to be too readily recognised, he wore an eye glass, which did his sight more harm than good; he wore a dress-suit over his tights, set off by a "dicky" and tie instead of a complete shirt. The challenge, no sooner made, was accepted and Sandow, in getting on the stage with that eye-glass stuck in his eye, stumbled and fell over a dumb bell. There was uproarious laughter in the house, and Samson could not help joining heartily in it, but the moment Sandow stripped there was almost a death-like silence, which was followed by all manner of bets among the spectators amid the bewildering excitement that followed. Samson had a pupil of his named Cyclops, also performing on a set of £100, and Sandow entered the arena with him too. In all the three contests with dumb-bells of enormous weight Sandow, for ease and grace, completely beat Samson. Then came the £100 contest with Cyclops for lifting two pieces of stone weighing 612 lbs., placed one on top of the other. These Sandow lifted with a hook with the forefinger of his right hand. The wager was won, but Cyclops refused to pay. The spectators were wild with excitement, and, yielding to their threats, the money was eventually paid. Sandow next claimed the £1,000, but Samson, who was white as a sheet, and staggered at finding more than his match, pleaded that he was excited, and begged for another opportunity to try conclusions. A competition was accordingly arranged, and it came off four days later. Hours before the event tens of thousands of people hurried to the scene. The crowd was so dense that Sandow and the manager who organised the contest could not get through it when they started from the hotel for the theater. They, however, broke through at last, but by the time they got to the house they were already fifteen minutes late. Samson appealed to the audience and added he would give the "humbug" ten minutes' further grace. The man in charge of the door leading to the stage refused to open it, shouting that he did not believe it was Sandow and the manager who were knocking for admission. Impatient of further delay, Sandow put his shoulder against the huge oak door, and, applying his strength to it, burst it open. He immediately went on to the stage, where Samson awaited him, and the excitement of the spectators now rose to fever point. Among the referees on the stage was the late Marquis of Queensbury. Of the several events, the two most important were the smashing of chains across the arm, in which Sandow competed with Cyclops, and the bursting of cables across the chest against Samson. The chains being divid-

ed between the contestants, Cyclops did his work well, but on Sandow trying on the armlets to which the chains were fastened he found his arms were too large for them and he could not get them on. He luckily anticipated the difficulty, and produced two which he got made by the same respectable firm as Cyclops and the same quality of metal, only that they were larger. An objection was lodged, but it was quickly overruled on the manager of the firm standing up among the spectators and testifying to the truth of what Sandow had first said. In performance with the cable across the chest, he was again placed at a great disadvantage by having only a small piece of cable at each end after being circled round the chest, and this barely let him hold them with his fingers, whereas, Samson had large ends, which he held with both hands. Samson burst his chain at the first time of asking. Sandow failed at the first attempt for the reason given, but he drew his breath and swelled his chest, and the cable snapped in two. This is the incident which, as an amateur, gave Sandow his first great chance of claiming the championship of the world as an athlete. The last act of that performance was met with the wildest excitement, the spectators throwing up their hats and handkerchiefs all over the place.

C. & M. Gazette.

THE SINNER'S INGRATITUDE

The Lord makes charge of ingratitude against his people. "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." It was this that made their sin so great—it was rebellion against a loving Father. He had tenderly nourished them as a father nourishes his own children. It is this relation of God to men that makes sin such a terrible thing. It is not mere breaking of rules or violating of cold law; it is rebelling against the infinite love of a good Father. The parable of the Prodigal Son tells the whole story. We cannot do wrong without grieving the heart of God. Then we need not be outwardly wicked—liars, thieves, profane swearers, or unclean—to come under the condemnation of this verse. We may be quite good people morally and yet be rebels against God. We may think we are excellent people, feeling much satisfaction in our respectable conduct, and yet never give God a thought, never pray to him, nor think of him, nor look up into his face.

Even dumb animals were more mindful of their masters than God's people were of their Creator and Lord. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." The ox and the ass recognize the hand that feeds them and the voice that calls them, and in their dumb way show gratitude, trust, and honor. But here are God's own children, made in his image, nourished by his love, fed, cared for, protected, led, helped, blessed in a thousand ways, yet never thinking of him who does all this for them.

The charge against these people was that they had turned away from God. "They have forsaken Jehovah, they have despised the Holy One of Israel, they are estranged and gone backward. Every step away from the Lord is a step backward. It is turning one's face away from the sun and walking toward darkness. It is leaving home and going toward eternal homelessness. "Getting on in the world" is not always going upward and forward in life. A man may be "rising" in his profession, in society, in intellectual recognition, even ecclesiastically, and really not be rising at all. There are two standards of life—the world's and heaven's. According to the former we may be making progress while according to the latter we are going backward. Away from God is really backward, no matter how we may be getting up among men. Upward is always nearer to God. We should watch our hearts, therefore, and

our spiritual life, when we are prospering in worldly ways. We are troubled when we lose money or property or position; it is a far greater calamity, however, if we lose faith and love and obedience and fellowship with God. Children do not like to be marked low in school or to lose their grade; it is far worse, however, to be losing our place in God's favor and going backward in the scale which he sets.

Westminster Teacher.

HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

Avoid an apologetic mood; it is always weakening to character.

Never let your eye wander over the room while your friend is talking to you.

Study the person with whom you are conversing, and lead up to subjects with which he is familiar.

Never talk about yourself, and if you see the conversation drifting that way get it out of a personal rut at once.

The secret of successful conversation is contained in the faculty of being able to make the other person talk.

Remember that conversation is an art. It takes time, thought and experience to develop the faculty of conversing properly.

Do not let conversation drift into any subject. Begin the attack with something definite, and force your partner to show his powers.

If you find yourself doing all the talking, you may depend upon it the other person is managing you. If you make the other person talk, you are master of the situation.

Do not talk about the weather, or your illness, or the maladies of your friends. Society is a place for the interchange of only bright and pleasant thoughts—leave the "grinds" at home.

It is not at all necessary that you should do all the talking. Do not fly at your partner and drown him out with words. Show an interest in what he is saying, and then he will continue to hold the field.

The secret of a good conversationalist is always to be a rapt and attentive listener. No matter what foolishness your partner is talking always listen, for it is the good listener who captivates and conquers.

Conversation, in its final essence, consists of the element of charm. What charm is, it is extremely hard to define. But if we bend our minds to the task of being charming, we shall most probably succeed in the end.

If you find that your partner is making for a disagreeable subject, and you wish to head him off, bring your will to bear upon his, and project into his brain some other topic, or lead the way by a series of forcible suggestions to another train of thought.

Society demands of those who enter it that they shall bring something positive and definite to the social gathering. Try to carry some special cargo into the port. Do not always sail into conversation with nothing in the hold of your ship, or with only ballast there.

Do not become monosyllabic in your talk and say "yes" and "no." This stops the spirit of conversation, and represses expression. The interrogation mark and not the exclamation mark is the instrument by which the orb of conversation is most successfully worked.

It is surprising how little effort is required to carry on a successful conversation, when the other party is willing to do the talking. Balzac says in his story of Eugenie Grandet, that he carried on his great business activities by the judicious use of the four following expressions: 'Indeed!'; 'Perhaps so'; 'I cannot tell'; 'We will see' *The Delineator*.

WHISKEY—THAT'S ALL

ANON.

All? Why, no! there's a great deal more;

There's an arm that's weak and a heart that's sore;

There's a home that's filled with grief and woe,

And a wife that is felled with a savage blow.

All? Why, no! there's a job that's lost,

There's an empty purse that can meet no cost;

There's a watch to pawn and a chair to sell;

There's money to borrow and thirst to quell;

There's an empty glass and a fight or two,

A fine to pay and a crime to rue.

All? Why, no! there's a demon's curse,

There's a child abused, a wound to nurse;

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